HAMMOND'S

POEMS.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JAMES HAMMOND.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED BY ANDREW FOULIS, PRINTER

TO THE UNIVERSITY.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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LIFE

OF

MR. HAMMOND

OF this gentleman, author of the Love-Elegies, very little is known, except that he was second son of Anthony Hammond, who was married to a sister of Sir Robert Walpole. His father was Commissioner of the navy in the reign of Queen Anne, and was conspicuous by his eloquence in Parliament. James, his second son, was born 1710, and received his education at Westminster-school, where he acquired a correct taste, and warm admiration of the classical models; but it does not appear, that he ever studied at any University. At an early period of life, he was made equerry to the prince of Wales, father of his present majesty; and was honoured with the friendship of those, who, at that time, set the tone to sentiment and fashion. Among the many mention Lyttelton, Cobham, and Chesterfield. The first of these noblemen celebrates the Elegies in the following lines, with a copy of them

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to Miſs Forteſcue, whoſe charms had then made him her captive.

All that of love can be expreſt
In theſe ſoft Numbers ſee;
But, Lucy, would you know the reſt,
It muſt be read in me.

Pope alſo, was among his friends, but his connections and politics lay chiefly among the adherents of the prince of Wales.

Similarity of temper and ſituation, rendered Tibullus his favourite author. He was conſtitutionally a lover, and diſpoſed to enter without reſerve into that tender paſſion. It is probable however, that he felt ſeveral tranſient impreſſions, before he came to fix upon one object. Who Neaera was, who firſt attracted his attention, is not known; but it is probable, that her influence over him was but momentary; and indeed, if the character he gives of her be juſt, it was impoſſible ſhe could inſpire a laſting attachment. His Elegies were compoſed before he reached his Twenty-ſecond year, but the Prologue

was written a little before his death. Thoſe diſtinguiſhed by the name of Delia, were addreſſed to a Miſs Daſhwood, with whom he was ſeriouſly in love, but who was neither to be moved by his conſtancy nor poetry. Some aſcribe her reſerve, to the interpoſition of friends, who oppoſed their union, on account of the incompetency of their fortunes. Others think, that oppoſition of political intereſts had ſome ſhare in this buſineſs. However this may have been, Mr Hammond conſidered the anſwer to Elegy XV. by Lord Hervey, the Lady's guardian, as expreſſive of her ſentiments; and reſolved, if poſſible, to conquer his attachment. The ſtruggle occaſioned by this reſolution, is ſuppoſed to have diſordered his intellects, and haſtened his death. His miſtreſs lived till 1779, and died unmarried. Whether her conduct towards Hammond had ſcared other lovers from addreſſing her, or whether ſhe had really loved him, and was incapable of a new attachment, we pretend not to decide.

In 1741, he was choſen member of parliament for Truro in Cornwall, but died next year at Stowe, the ſeat of his friend and patron, Lord Cobham.

The Elegies were publiſhed after his death, with a recommendatory preface by the earl of Cheſterfield. As a writer, it may be a ſufficient excuſe for ſlighter blemiſhes, that his pieces were never intended for the public eye. They were written occaſionally, to expreſs the various emotions of a paſſion, which he felt. He generally copied a hint, or ſentiment from Tibullus and other antients, but it is to be regretted, that he copied too much their allegory. Allegory is the work of fancy, and is inconſiſtent with the dictates of the heart. His verſes however, are generally harmonious, his ſtyle is plaintive, and he ſhows throughout a warm heart, ſtruggling with the agonies of unrequited love.

His character as a man, is drawn by his friend and admirer, Mr. Thomſon, in the following lines.

Where art thou, HAMMOND! thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover, of the tuneful throng!
Ah why, dear Youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue, lay;

Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
Ah! only ſhow'd to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes, that life is vain!

THOMSON.

To this teſtimony in his favour, we beg leave to add the following, written by Miſs Talbot, on reading the Love-Elegies, the year before they were publiſhed.

HITHER your wreaths, ye drooping Muſes! bring,
The ſhort-liv'd roſe, that blooms but to decay,
Love's fragrant myrtles, that in Paphos ſpring,
And deathleſs Poetry's immortal bay.

And oh! thou gentleſt Shade! accept the verſe,
Mean though it be, yet artleſsly ſincere,
That penſive thus attends thy ſilent hearſe,
And ſteals in ſecret glooms the pious tear.

What heart, by Heaven with generous ſoftneſs bleſt,
But in thy lines its native language reads?
Where hapleſs Love, in claſſic plainneſs dreſt,
Gracefully mourns, and elegantly bleeds.

But vain, alas! thy fancy, fondly gay,
Trac'd the fair ſcenes of dear domeſtic life;
The ſportive Loves forſook their wanton play
To paint for thee, the miſtreſs, friend, and wife.

One caught from Delia's lips, the winning ſmile,
One from her eyes, his little ſoul inſpir'd;
Then ſeiz'd thy pen, and ſmooth'd thy flowing ſtyle,
Then wept and trembled, and with ſobs admir'd.

O luckleſs Lover! form'd for better days,
For golden years and ages long ago;
For thee, Perſephone impatient ſtays;
For thee, the willow and the cypreſs grow.

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THE

PREFACE.

THE following ELEGIES were wrote by a young Gentleman lately dead, and juſtly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whoſe hands they fell, determined to publiſh them, in the perſuaſion, that they would neither be unwelcome to the public, nor injurious to the memory of their author. The reader muſt decide, whether this determination was the reſult of juſt judgment, or partial friendſhip; for the editor feels, and avows ſo much of the latter, that he gives up all pretenſions to the former.

The author compoſed them ten years ago, before he was two and twenty years old; an age, when fancy and imagination commonly riot, at the expence of judgment and correctneſs; neither of which ſeem wanting here. But ſincere in his love as in

his friendſhip, he wrote to his miſtreſſes, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart. He ſat down to write what he thought, not to think what he ſhould write. 'Twas nature, and ſentiment only that dictated to a real miſtreſs, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy, therefore, ſpeaks here her own, proper, native language; the unaffected, plaintive language of the tender paſſions. The true elegiac dignity and ſimplicity are preſerved and united; the one without pride, the other without meanneſs.

Tibullus ſeems to have been the model, our author judiciouſly preferred to Ovid; the former writing directly from the heart to the heart, the latter too often yielding, and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

The undiſſipated youth of the author allowed him time to apply himſelf to the beſt maſters, the Ancients; and his parts enabled him to make the beſt uſe of them: for upon thoſe great models of ſolid ſenſe and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart; both well prepared by nature

to adopt, and adorn, the reſemblance. He admired that juſtneſs, that noble ſimplicity of thought and expreſſion, which have diſtinguiſhed, and preſerved, their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that ſacredneſs of friendſhip, and all thoſe heroic and ſocial virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation, of ſucceeding ages. And he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon thoſe glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced ſlavery to deſtroy, all public and private virtues. In theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times. In theſe ſentiments he died.---But in theſe times too---" Ut non erepta " a diis immortalibus vita, ſed donata mors eſſe vi- " deatur."

—

LOVE-ELEGIES.

LOVE-ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

ON HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEAERA.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their sons receiv'd in vain:
Thy Neaera, and her infant fave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the servile chain.

Her visage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly the triumphs in her lover's flame,
No healing joy relieves his constant smart,
No smile of love rewards the lols of fame.

Oh that to feel thole killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a fenfeleis ftone,
Was fix'd a rock amidft the watry roar,
And in the vaft Atlantic flood alone.

LOVE-ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

ON HIS FALLING IN LOVE WITH NEAERA.

FAREWELL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their ſons receiv'd in vain:
I ſaw Neaera, and her inſtant ſlave,
Though born a Briton, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

Her uſage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
On Scythian hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Was fix'd a rock amidſt the watry roar,
And in the vaſt Atlantic ſtood alone.

Adieu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
Why ſhould I loiter by your idle ſpring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

I do not aſk the lofty epic ſtrain,
Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere:
I only ſing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No more in uſeleſs innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear its honours from the broken ſhrine;
But chiefly thine, O Venus, will I tear.

Deceiv'd by thee, I lov'd a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But love muſt act what avarice requires.

Unwiſe, who firſt, the charm of nature loſt,
With Tyrian purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill, who ſeas and mountains croſt,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep.

These coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurpriſe,
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight,
Their hearts, ſecure in trifles, love deſpiſe,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the Gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thought beneath a heavenly face?
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and Venus bear,
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long,
Hence tears and ſighs, and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover.---Hence this angry ſong.

ELEGY II.

UNABLE TO SATISFY THE COVETOUS TEMPER OF NEAERA, HE INTENDS TO MAKE A CAMPAIGN, AND TRY, IF POSSIBLE, TO FORGET HER.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel fair,
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rouſing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.

Few are the maids, that now on merit ſmile,
On ſpoil and war is bent this iron age,
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unfated vengeance, and remorſeleſs rage.

To purchaſe ſpoil even love itſelf is ſold,
Her lover's heart is leaſt Neaera's care,
And I through war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
Not for myſelf, but for my venal fair:

That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mein;
And art miſtaken make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.

But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Hers be the wealth of Tagus' golden ſand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in India's ſoil,
Hers the black ſons of Afric's ſultry land.

To pleaſe her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! would idle fancy tend?
And ſoothe with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forc'd embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind:
In vain;---though Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

ELEGY III.

HE UPBRAIDS AND THREATENS THE AVARICE OF NEAERA, AND RESOLVES TO QUIT HER.

SHOULD Jove deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill would heave for more,
Not all the God could ſatisfy thy heart?

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceiv'd,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom,
And when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be griev'd,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Though ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:

With flowery garlands, each revolving year,
Shall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then home returning drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

ELEGY IV.

TO HIS FRIEND, WRITTEN UNDER THE CONFINEMENT OF A LONG INDISPOSITION.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractis'd maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick on death is all my thought,
Oh ſpare, Perſephone, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace,
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred fane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the Gods eternal reſt
With curſes loud;---but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
E'er autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye Gods, whoe'er, in gloomy ſhades below,
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round,
Now wandering view the baleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh let me ſtill enjoy the chearful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age I trifle life away,
And tell how much we lov'd, e'er I grew old.

But you, who now with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chace of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing,---but your abſent friend.

ELEGY V.

THE LOVER IS AT FIRST INTRODUCED SPEAKING TO HIS SERVANT; HE AFTERWARDS ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO HIS MISTRESS, AND AT LAST THERE IS A SUPPOSED INTERVIEW BETWEEN THEM.

WITH wine, more wine deceive thy master's care,
Till creeping slumber loothe his troubled breast,
Let not a whisper stir the silent air,
If hapless love a while consent to rest.

Untoward guards befet my Cynthia's doors,
And cruel locks the imprison'd fair conceal,
May lightnings blast whom love in vain implores,
And Jove's own thunder rive those bolts of steel.

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy sounding hinge our thefts betray,
So all my curses far from thee shall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we say.

Remember now the flowery wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O Cynthia, fear the watchful ſlave,
Venus will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youths, who ſee not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin, how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way,
Sacred he wanders, through the pathleſs night,
Belongs to Venus, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for love ſuſtain,
With love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd.

With ſudden ſtep, let none our bliſs ſurpriſe,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight---
Raſh man, beware! and ſhut thy curious eyes,
Leſt angry Venus ſnatch their guilty ſight:

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, the important ſecret hide,
Though queſtion'd by the powers of earth and heaven,
The prating tongue ſhall Love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiven.

A wizard-dame, thy lover's ancient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy huſband's ear,
At her command, I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightenings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us widely roam,
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till ſcar'd at day, they ſought their dreary home.

At her command, the vigorous ſummer pines,
And wintry clouds obſcure the hopeful year,
At her ſtrong bidding, gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me, they make a huſband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But what did moſt his faithful heart ſurpriſe,
She boaſted, that her ſkill could ſet it free;---
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies,
How could it venture to abandon thee?

ELEGY VI.

HE ADJURES DELIA TO PITY HIM BY THEIR FRIENDSHIP WITH CELIA WHO WAS LATELY DEAD.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
Officious Hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill,---to-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, Delia, I ſhall thee obtain,
But can I liſten to her fyren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpis'd ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt Celia gave,
Let not her once-lov'd friend unpitied burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjur'd in their ſacred urn:

To her, I firſt avow'd my timorous flame,
She nurs'd my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
She ſtill would pity, what the wiſe might blame,
And feel for weakneſs, which ſhe never knew:

Ah do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hovering round us, all my ſufferings hears,
She is my ſaint, to her, my pray'rs are made,
With oft-repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her ſad tomb, at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire,
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night.

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Though much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain,
Ah to recall the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

ELEGY VII.

ON DELIA'S BEING IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE HE SUPPOSES SHE STAYS TO SEE THE HARVEST.

NOW Delia breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts, that ſtill in town remain,
Venus herſelf attends on Delia there,
And Cupid ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh with what joy my Delia to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong,
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mould.
And patient goad the loitering ox along:

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſsly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
The great Apollo wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdu'd to Love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs could ſoothe their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt and uſeleſs lay,
To Peneus' ſtream, and Tempe's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft, with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing Siſter ſaw him pace along;
Oft, would his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted Pythian ſlain?
Where are his Delphi? his delighted iſle?
The god himſelf has grown a cottage ſwain.

O Ceres, in your golden fields no more,
With harveſt's chearful pomp my fair detain,---
Think what for loſt Proſerpina you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they lik'd, they ſtaid but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!---but oh I fondly rave,
Lead me to Delia, all her eyes inſpire
I'll do---I'll plough or dig as Delia's ſlave.

ELEGY VIII.

HE DESPAIRS THAT HE SHALL EVER POSSESS DELIA.

AH what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth, nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hop'd to gain;

With thee I hop'd to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then old with love inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.

I ſcorn the Lydian river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk, to live my Delia's ſlave,
And when I long have ſerv'd her, call her wife:

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink o'ercome with bliſs in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O Juno, with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay Venus, parent of deſire,
This one fond wiſh if you refuſe to hear,
Oh let me with this ſigh of love expire.

ELEGY IX.

HE HAS LOST DELIA.

HE who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping fair,
Hard was the man, but harder in my mind,
The lover ſtill, who died not of deſpair:

With mean diſguiſe, let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue, with the paint of art,
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſons' fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad is my day, and ſad my lingering night,
When wrapt in ſilent grief I weep alone.
Delia is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit, that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face, that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape, that might have bleſt my arms?
Where all thoſe hopes, relentleſs fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
Delia may come, and ſee my poor remains,---
Oh Delia, after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears, thy lover's corſe attend?
With eyes averted, light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire:

To ſoothe the hovering ſoul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries, to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds, the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand:

Panchaia's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of Aſia's fragrant year,
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſufferings ſhow:

Here lies a youth borne down with love and care,
He could not long his Delia's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom, with the parting fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he died.

ELEGY X.

ON DELIA'S BIRTH-DAY.

THIS day, which ſaw my Delia's beauties riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle, as her breaſt.

By all our guarded ſighs, and hid deſires,
Oh may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If Delia's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And thou, O Venus, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both, with equal care,
And let them die together, in thy chain.

What I demand, perhaps her heart desires,
But virgin fears, her nicer tongue restrain,
The secret thought, which blushing love inspires,
The conscious eye can full as well explain.

ELEGY XI.

AGAINST LOVERS GOING TO WAR, IN WHICH HE PHILOSOPHICALLY PREFERS LOVE AND DELIA, TO THE MORE SERIOUS VANITIES OF THE WORLD.

THE man, who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound, encountring nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger, by his fatal art:

Yet not from ſteel, debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thriſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence Delia loſe a tear.

Why ſhould the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger, on ſome foreign ground?
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk, in every ſtroke, a double wound:

Ah better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With chearful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul.

Then, full of love, to all her charms retire;
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ~~ſhe pants, ſhe faints,~~ and ſinks to reſt.

ELEGY XII.

TO DELIA.

NO ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurpriſe,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſoothe his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,---let me happy be,
I little care, that others know me bleſt.

With thee, in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expell,
And ſeem a world, with ſolitude around.

I ſay too much---my heedleſs words reſtore;
My tongue undoes me, in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Wilt make me feel the weight of all thy power.

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen, I am form'd to bear;
In chains I'll ſit me down at Venus' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

ELEGY XIII.

HE IMAGINES HIMSELF MARRIED TO DELIA, AND THAT CONTENT WITH EACH OTHER THEY ARE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighbouring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers never ſound:

While calmly poor, I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure, by my chearful fire,
No wanton hope, my quiet ſhall betray,
But cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care, I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard, with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If, late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleeting lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wanderer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or if the ſun in flaming LEO ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my Delia, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away.

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on Delia as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleas'd at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for Delia and myſelf alone.

Ah fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſs'd,
Could float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her, I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs, that's not our own,
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know, that I am lov'd alone.

Stanhope, in wiſdom, as in wit divine,
May riſe and plead Britannia's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein, his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe, the deep attention draws:

Let Stanhope ſpeak his liſtening country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone, I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

Stanhope ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
Delia ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe, the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron, cull the beſt.

Hers, be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her, I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock:
For her, a goat-herd climb the mountains brow,
And ſleep extended, on the naked rock.

Ah! what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her, midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains, lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep!

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought, in true delight,
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth, in her alike contend
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er;
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand---
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand.

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill,
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Though I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill:

Oh quit the room, oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart,
Oh leave me, Delia, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part.

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe, in melancholy ſtate,
Through all the village, ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids, our wonderous loves relate.

ELEGY XIV.

TO DELIA.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
In ſome lone ſpot, with peace and thee retir'd,
Though reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
I ſtill believ'd what flattering love inſpir'd.

But now my wrongs have taught my humble mind,
To dangerous bliſs, no longer to pretend:
In books a calm, but fixt, content to find;
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend.

With them, the gentle moments I beguile
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight,
Compare the beauties of each different ſtile,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light.

Now mark the ſtrength of Milton's ſacred line,
Senſe rais'd by genius, fancy rul'd by art,
Where all the glory of the God-head ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence enchants the heart.

Now fir'd by Pope and Virtue leave the Age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing Wrong,
And trace the author through his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my lingering pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a nobler warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O Lyttelton, ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And you, O Weſt, with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhall chear,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But why, ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah ſtill I love in pride and reaſon's ſpite,
No books, alas, my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this elegy I write.

ELEGY XV.

TO MISS DASHWOOD.

IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

O ſay, thou dear poſſeſſor of my breaſt,
Where's now my boaſted liberty and reſt!
Where the gay moments which I once have known!
O, where that heart I fondly thought my own!
From place to place I ſolitary roam,
Abroad uneaſy, not content at home.
I ſcorn the beauties common eyes adore;
The more I view them, feel thy worth the more;
Unmov'd I hear them ſpeak, or ſee them fair,
And only think on thee, who art not there.
In vain would books their formal ſuccour lend,
Nor Wit nor Wiſdom can relieve their friend;
Wit can't deceive the pain I now endure,
And Wiſdom ſhows the ill without the cure.
When from thy ſight I waſte the tedious day,
A thouſand ſchemes I form, and things to ſay;
But when thy preſence gives the time I ſeek,
My heart's ſo full, I wiſh, but cannot ſpeak.

And could I ſpeak with eloquence and eaſe,
Till now not ſtudious of the art to pleaſe,
Could I, at woman, who ſo oft exclaim,
Expoſe (nor bluſh) thy triumph, and my ſhame,
Abjure thoſe maxims, I ſo lately priz'd,
And court that ſex, I fooliſhly deſpis'd,
Own thou haſt ſoften'd my obdurate mind,
And thus reveng'd the wrongs of womankind;
Loſt were my words, and fruitleſs all my pain,
In vain to tell thee, all I write in vain;
My humble ſighs ſhall only reach thy ears,
And all my eloquence ſhall be my tears.

And now (for more I never muſt pretend)
Hear me, not as thy lover, but thy friend;
Thouſands would fain thy little heart enſnare,
For without danger, none like thee are fair;
But wiſely chooſe, who beſt deſerves thy flame,
So ſhall the choice itſelf become thy fame;
Nor yet deſpiſe, though void of winning art,
The plain and honeſt courtſhip of the heart:
The ſkilful tongue in love's perſuaſive lore,
Though leſs it feels, will pleaſe and flatter more,
And, meanly learned in that guilty trade,
Can long abuſe a fond, unthinking maid.

And ſince their lips, ſo knowing to deceive,
Thy unexperienc'd youth might ſoon believe;
And ſince their tears, in falſe ſubmiſſion dreſt,
Might thaw the icy coldneſs of thy breaſt;
O! ſhut thine eyes to ſuch deceitful woe:
Caught by the beauty of thy outward ſhow,
Like me, they do not love, whate'er they ſeem,
Like me---with paſſion founded on eſteem.

ANSWER TO ELEGY XV.

BY THE LATE LORD HERVEY.

TOO well theſe lines that fatal truth declare
Which long I've known, yet now I bluſh to hear.
But ſay, what hopes thy fond ill-fated love?
What can it hope, though mutual it ſhould prove?
This little form is fair in vain for you,
In vain for me, thy honeſt heart is true;
For wouldſt thou fix diſhonour on my name,
And give me up to penitence and ſhame?
Or gild my ruin, with the name of Wife,
And make me a poor virtuous wretch for life?
Couldſt thou ſubmit to wear the marriage-chain,
(Too ſure a cure, for all thy preſent pain)
No ſaffron robe for us the godhead wears,
His torch inverted, and his face in tears.
Though every ſofter wiſh were amply crown'd,
Love ſoon would ceaſe to ſmile where Fortune frown'd:
Then would thy ſoul, my fond conſent deplore,
And blame what it ſolicited before;
Thy own exhauſted would reproach my truth,
And ſay, I had undone thy blinded youth;

That I had damp'd Ambition's nobler flame,
Eclips'd thy talents, and obſcur'd thy fame;
To madrigals and odes, that wit confin'd
That would in ſenates or in courts have ſhin'd,
Glorioufly active, in thy country's cauſe,
Aſſerting freedom, and enacting laws.

Or ſay, at beſt, that negatively kind
You only mourn'd, and ſilently repin'd;
The jealous demons, in my own fond breaſt
Would all theſe thoughts inceſſantly ſuggeſt,
And all that ſenſe muſt feel, though pity had ſuppreſt.
Yet added grief my apprehenſion fills
(If there can be addition to thoſe ills)
When they ſhall cry, whoſe harſh reproof I dread,
" Twas thy own deed; thy folly on thy head!"
Age knows not to allow for thoughtleſs youth,
Nor pities tenderneſs, nor honours truth;
Holds it romantic to confeſs a heart;
And ſays thoſe virgins act a wiſer part
Who hoſpitals and bedlams would explore
To find the rich, and only dread the poor;
Who, legal proſtitutes, for intereſt ſake
Clodios and Timons to their boſoms take,

And if avenging Heaven permit increaſe
People the world, with folly and diſeaſe.
Thoſe titles, deeds, and rent-rolls, only wed,
Whilſt the beſt bidder mounts the venal bed;
And the grave aunt and formal ſire approve
This nuptial ſale, this auction of their love.
But if regard to worth or ſenſe be ſhown,
That poor degenerate child her friends diſown
Who dares to deviate, by a virtuous choice
From her great name's hereditary vice.

Theſe ſcenes my prudence uſhers to my mind
Of all the ſtorms and quickſands I muſt find
If I embark upon this ſummer ſea
Where Flattery ſmooths, and Pleaſure gilds the way.
Had our ill fate ne'er blown thy dangerous flame
Beyond the limits of a friend's cold name,
I might upon that ſcore thy heart receive,
And with that guiltleſs name, my own deceive.
That commerce now in vain you recommend;
I dread the latent lover, in the friend:
Of ignorance, I want the poor excuſe,
And know, I both muſt take, or both refuſe.

Hear then the ſafe, the firm reſolve I make,
Ne'er to encourage one I muſt forſake.
Whilſt other maids a ſhameleſs path purſue,
Neither to intereſt, nor to honour true,
And proud to ſwell the triumph of their eyes
Exult in love, from lovers they deſpiſe,
Their maxims all revers'd, I mean to prove,
And though I like the lover, quit the love.

ELEGY XVI.

TO MR. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

OH! form'd alike to ſerve us and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; though gentle, full of fire;
With thee, I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart:
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduc'd by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,
My Delia's hopes I would no more deceive,
But whom my paſſion hurt, through friendſhip leave.
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs, through its pride.
The prudence, which I taught, I ill purſu'd;
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd;
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And prov'd too well my paſſion by my ſhame;

While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain;
Began with higher views, her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
She let each little lie, o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd by her faith, each groundleſs tale;
Believ'd the groſſeſt arts, that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought, was on her lover's ſide:
Oh! where were then the ſcenes of fancied life!
Oh! where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife!
Her years of promis'd love were quickly paſt,
Not two revolving moons could ſee them laſt!---
To Stowe's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In Cobham's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care;
Nor fear, that he my weakneſs ſhould deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe.
There Pitt, in manner ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice, my liſtening grief ſhall charm,
With ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
A Roman's virtue, with a courtier's eaſe.
Nor you, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;
Reaſon may chide the fault, ſhe cannot cure;
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;

Though wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by its own.

PROLOGUE

TO LILLO'S ELMERICK.

NO labour'd ſcenes to-night adorn our ſtage;
Lillo's plain ſenſe would here the heart engage:
He knew no art, no rule, but warmly thought
From paſſion's force, and as he felt, he wrote.
His Barnwell once, no critic's teſt could bear,
Yet, from each eye, ſtill draws the natural tear.
With generous candour, hear his lateſt ſtrains,
And let kind Pity ſhelter his remains.
Depreſs'd by want, afflicted by diſeaſe,
Dying he wrote, and dying, wiſh'd to pleaſe.
Oh! may that wiſh be now humanely paid,
And no harſh critic vex his gentle ſhade!
'Tis yours, his unſupported fame to ſave,
And bid one laurel grace his humble grave.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME:

SAID TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY LORD LYTTELTON, BUT MORE PROBABLY BY MR HAMMOND.

YOU, who ſupreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here unaw'd, unbias'd, ſit
The Palatines and Guardians of the pit;
If to your minds, this merely modern play
No uſeful ſenſe, no generous warmth, convey;
If fuſtian here, through each unnatural ſcene
In ſtrain'd conceits, ſound high, and nothing mean;
If lofty Dulneſs, for your vengeance call,
Like Elmerick judge, and let the guilty fall:
But if Simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts, and artleſs words, inſpire;
If, like the action, which theſe ſcenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If maſter-ſtrokes, the nobler paſſion move,
Then, like the King, acquit us, and approve.

FINIS.

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